

Heated

by itsanotherfanficwriterohno

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Summary: During his third year at Teiko, Kuroko unexpectedly goes into his first heat. Omegaverse. GOM/Kuroko

## 1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I don't own Kuroko no Basuke or any of its characters. I dedicate this to my best friend who is my Beta most of the time.

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><p><strong>Chapter 1 <strong>

Kuroko's third year at Teiko started with little fanfare. The warm spring was gradually changing into hot summer and the basketball season in full swing. His team was mercilessly beating the middle school basketball circuit this season, while his parents were working abroad for another month, leaving him and his grandmother alone at the house.

Whilst on the outside his life appeared normal, internally he had been struggling. His teammates were growing in leaps and bounds while it felt as if he was being left behind. He knew he wasn't nearly as talented as his friends but he'd hoped he could become more useful on the court then he had been lately.

He winced as another twinge of pain stabbed his side. The morning started off rough with his stomach acting up the moment he woke up. He'd taken some antacids before he left for school, but they were taking their time to work.

Adjusting the bag on his shoulders, he winced as they grazed his chest.

He had also woken up with sore pectorals this morning. Perhaps he pulled something he shouldn't have during yesterday's practice?

It was a few minutes past his final morning class when he climbed the stairs heading towards the rooftop.

He spotted Aomine at the door. Aomine's eyes were focused on his phone. Probably perusing more Omega porn, Kuroko thought dryly.

As usual, the taller male had yet to notice him. Silently closing in behind the other he knee bumped the teen, nearly making him fall over.

"What the fuckâ€"!", Aomine exclaimed, turning around swiftly. His shoulders relaxed, though his annoyed expression did not. "Oh, Tetsu. Damn it, stop doing that. You know that freaks me out."

"Hm."

As per usual, neither of them had a packed meal that was particularly fancy, though Kuroko's was far more edible. Another of Satsuki's grand creations, he assumed. The Beta was a wonderful strategist, but her cooking skills left little to be desired. Poor Aomine's lunchbox looked more like a crime scene than what he assumed was beef curry and rice. He caught Aomine eyeing his box with a longing quite similar to that of a starving dog.

"Is there something you need, Aomine-kun?"

Aomine gestured his chopsticks at Kuroko's own bento.

"You gonna eat all of that?"

He shrugged, "I'm hoping to."

"For real? Usually you're not very hungry," Aomine said, eyebrows crossed in confusion.

"I'm a growing boy, Aomine-kun. You don't always get to eat my leftovers."

Aomine rolled his eyes. "Please, the only part of you growing is your asâ€"Ow!"

Kuroko's fist embedded itself into his partner's side. The smaller teen raised an eyebrow. "What the hell?"

"So touchy Tetsu." He wheezed, "I swear, you've been worse than Satsuki lately."

His body has become a sensitive subject for him over the last few weeks. He had yet to lose the weight he gained during Spring break, no matter how much he'd tried. Instead, the pounds had spread to his bottom. While not originally flat due to his sports training, it was noticeably rounder than before.

Still, Aomine's comment had stung.

Perhaps this is the start of a growth spurt, he reasoned. His parents were not tall by any means, both normal Betas, but they were still taller than him at this point.

He was a late bloomer it seemed. He wondered how many people left in his grade were still unrepresented like him, holding onto the innocent, milk like smell of childhood. Probably not much, if any. Most presented between the ages of 11 and 13, with the emergence of the ever dreaded puberty.

Suddenly, Kuroko was pulled out of his thoughts. Aomine had managed to catch him off guard, bringing an arm around the other's shoulders. Kuroko tensed, the other's skin rubbing against his gently. He nearly jumped at the heat he felt radiating from the other. All Alphas were notoriously hotter in temperature than the rest of the population.

The heat was surprisingly comfortable but also embarrassing. He could feel face flush, goose bumps riding up his arms.

Sweat slowly started dripping down his neck. Pretending to focus on his food to distract himself from the heat, his eyes followed the darker teen's hands.

It was only recently that Kuroko had started noticing the more Alpha-like characteristics of his teammate.

Aomine had shot up in height and filled out considerably since his presenting in their second year. His personality was also more aggressive and compulsive than ever before.

However, it seemed the more they played Basketball, the more distant their relationship became. Kuroko hoped the other teen would find a worthy rival soon, but these past few games did not promise much as of yet.

He turned his attention to Aomine's hand resting over his shoulders, his fingers long and calloused. Kuroko imagined placing his own hand over the other's, wondering how it would feel.

Another twinge of pain hit him suddenly. He winced. Was he coming down with something?

Unexpectedly, he found a nose grazing his bangs.

He threw Aomine a dark look, though the other was probably used to it, considering it appeared like any other expression on the reserved boy's face.

At least the tanned boy had enough decency to appear embarrassed by the action, his cheeks rosy under his dark tan. "What? I can't help it. You smell really good today, Tetsu. Change shampoo or something?"

He moved his head to the side, away from his partner. "And you reek."

Biologically Alphas, Omegas, and betas have a particular range of scents, to better label them to others. While Omegas had sweet smells to better attract a mate. Alphas usually have the most variety of smells, though typically leaning more towards wood and spice. Each person had their own specific odor, unique to only them. Betas were the least odorous compared to the other aforementioned groups, their sense of smell also weaker as a result.

Aomine's scent was a strong birch wood with a hint of pepper, which was equally inviting as it was overwhelming.

"That's just pure unadulterated Alpha for you." Aomine chuckled, his fingers playing with the back of Kuroko's neck. "Get used to it."

He blushed again, careful not to let the other see his reaction.

His teammates had been unconsciously more handsy since the beginning of the school term. Kise's spontaneous shoulder rubs (which he violently rejected with a message from his fist), Murasakibara sharing his vanilla flavored candies everyday after practice, and the various side-looks and lingering touches he'd received from the entire team were all new experiences for him.

And Aomine.

Especially Aomine.

Recently, he had become more energetic, spending more time with the shorter boy outside of Basketball again. Whether this was a permanent change had yet to be decided. Still, he did appreciate the other's company.

Kuroko just assumed that it was simply another part of the beast that was the Alpha. As the only non-Alpha player on the regulars team, he was bound to be treated with more care as they grew into adults.

Perhaps they were mistaking him as an Omega, a common occurrence between Betas and Alphas since the Omega population made up only 10 percent of the population. The lack of Omegas would be especially apparent in a school like Teiko, where Alphas were the majority, a common phenomenon in a sports-focused school.

Fingertips brushed down his spine, making him shiver involuntarily. This was edging into unknown territory, making him feel distinctly uncomfortable. "Stop that, Aomine-kun."

"Stop what?", Aomine asked, pupils dilated and staring straight into his eyes, with rapt attention.

"The touching, the scenting. It is veryâ€¦intrusive." He stood up, avoiding the other's wandering hands and gaze. "I'm going to the nurse. I don't feel well."

"Do you want me to come with?"

He shook his head. "I'm perfectly capable of walking there by myself, thank you."

"Are you sure?"

"Aomine-kun, please," Kuroko said. "I can handle myself."

## 2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: I don't own Kuroko no Basuke or any of its characters. I

hope you enjoy this chapter.

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><p><strong><span>Chapter 2<span>\*\*

Hot.

His body was burning up fast, sweat soaking through his clothing.

The sleep had been fitful, the dreams blurry, confusing and, though he would never admit it, strangely erotic.

He remembered long limbs stretching across his body, enveloping him like a thick blanket.

Kuroko struggled to take off the covers. The nurse had been too busy with other students to notice his entrance earlier, so he'd snagged one of the empty beds for a nap.

He checked the time on his phone. Damn. He'd missed most of practice already. Akashi was going to kill him.

Running a hand through his damp hair, he shivered at how sensitive his skin was at the moment.

Something was definitely wrong with him today. His body was too warm. The heat most heavily concentrated near his groin, which to his surprise had gone half-mast already.

A part of him whispered something, which he immediately pushed down.

He headed towards the bathroom down the hall, looking to 'relieve' himself. He stumbled into the room; legs' aching from what he hoped was a strange flu or something. Choosing the stall farthest from the door, he sat down on the toilet and started to undress.

Relief filled him when he unbuttoned the tight pants. He fisted his erection roughly, imagining large tanned hands grasping him.

The heat grew more overwhelming with each passing second, until he could barely breathe. His stomach clenching in anticipation.

He also winced at the cramps rising along with this heat. It was a difficult sensation to describe, feeling both incredibly horny and sick at the same time.

What was wrong with him? His mind was muddled with half-thoughts, emotions, struggling to link sentences together. A part of him already knew, but refused to accept it He was just sick, wasn't he?

After 10 minutes of increasing frustration at having no release he switched tactics, sliding a hand down his back until it reached its intended target. The hole was irritated and hot but it sucked in his first finger with ease. He moaned at the sensation. He slipped in another finger and curled it into the moist heat.

Now using both of his hands, he tried again, surprised at the sensation. He bit his bottom lip to avoid crying out.

Moments later he found his release, a blissful pleasure made better by the cooling liquid released from his

Well, Kuroko cursed at himself inwardly. He should have known.

The signs were all there, glaringly so.

This was the famed Omega puberty. He was an Omega. Just his luck.

The presenting was something studied during the first year, but because of his lack of Omega family members he had limited knowledge on anything to do with them. Why would he? The chances of being an Omega were incredibly low between Beta couples in comparison to Beta-Alpha or Alpha-Omega couples, but that didn't matter in Kuroko's case.

He should have paid more attention in class.

Most Omegas were females, with the rare male exception, like Kuroko. He assumed that he'd been going through pre-heat earlier in the day and with his antisocial tendencies, no one else had caught on. Perfect. Part of him wanted to punch himself, his lack of recognition of his symptoms especially embarrassing to someone who prided himself on his observation skills.

Slick slowly dripped down his thighs, making him shiver, it felt so good. His member was growing again. The refractory period for Omegas is insane, he thought, if he was already throbbing so painfully again.

"Kurokocchi?"

He tensed.

Oh no. His luck can't be this bad.

"I know you're in there"

Kuroko put a hand over his mouth; silently praying the other wouldn't find him.

His heart echoed loudly inside his head, only adding to the eerie silence.

He had hoped to be left alone and that the end of the school day would have concealed him from the others. Alas, it appeared that wasn't the case.

"You can't hide from me, Kurokocchi."

He felt tension in the air, thick and heavy, crushing any sound he could have emitted. A sharp Alpha odor filled his nostrils, sending his hormone ridden body into overdrive. A potential mate was nearby. His ears strained to listen to the soft click of footsteps approaching the stalls he was hiding in.

"Kurokocchi, Kurokocchi, Kurokocchi!", Kise chanted over and over again, each time more and more desperate. "Come out, come out wherever you are! Pretty please? I won't hurt you."

His fingers wrapped around his mouth in a desperate attempt not to moan. The tightness in his abdomen grew tighter than before.

Bang!

He jolted, nearly falling off the toilet.

Kise had kicked open each door forcefully, the slams resonating throughout the silent room.

"You smell amazing" the other whined. "Where are you, Kurokocchi?"

The banging continued, driving Kuroko's heartrate up even higher.

Suddenly, he saw Kise's feet appear underneath his door.

The blond's eyes peaked in through the crack that connected the door to the stall.

A wide, carnivorous grin appeared on Kise's face.

"Found you."

His bathroom door slammed open, nearly hitting the newly christened Omega's knees. Kuroko closed his legs together, both fear and yearning blossoming within his chest.

Kise, despite how annoying he could be to Kuroko, was begrudgingly one of the most attractive teammates on his squad. His hormone filled mind focused in on the other's lean body and broad shoulders, taking in his reddening cheeks and growing bulge. Like most Alphas, Kise was gifted where it counted.

He struggled to regain his composure. "Damaging school property is against the rules, Kise-kun."

"So is not claiming your status.", the blonde responded. "How long have you been hiding this?"

Kuroko looked to the side, avoiding the other's intense gaze. "It was never my intent to lie to anyone. Up until today I thought I was a Beta like most of the world's population."

Two large hands pulled on his shoulders, bringing him so close to the Alpha. His face reminded Kuroko of a puppy with a new toy, eager and excited to play.

"This is your first heat? You're untouched?"

He tried to move, pushing back against the other's sternum. "Please, restrain yourself, Kise-kun. We are above the laws of."

Kuroko bit his lower lip, a soft groan escaping. Kise's hands

wandering down his chest, long fingers playfully teasing Kuroko's nipples.

"You're so cute, Kurokocchi," He said, voice husky, teasing. "So soft and delicious and all mine for the taking."

The heat within his stomach grew, his hole once again dripping freely.

A fog began to creep back up from the recesses of his mind. The rational part of him wanted to go home and wait out this so-called heat. However, the darker, more primal part wanted something more. Kise's surprising strength excited and terrified Kuroko.

Before he could move away, Kise hands had wandered down past his back. His hand grazed where his slick was flowing the most. Weakly, Kuroko grabbed the wandering hands and got them away but Kise took the slick coated fingers into his mouth. Licking the digits as if they were the most delicious sweets. "Hmm. You taste amazing. Like a little slice of heaven. So perfect."

Kise unbuttoned Kuroko's shirt quickly. His mouth found purchase on his nipple, licking the area around them, sucking hard. The blue haired boy could not resist gasping, his breath turning ragged.

"Kise-kun" He felt the fire burn anew, the sensation like ecstasy.

He unconsciously pulled his teammate closer, legs wrapping around the other's waist. He had to control himself, even though he'd rather continue with their session. "You should stop. This is just hormones. Don't do anything you'd regret. I know You don't feel this way about me, not really. It's just our instincts."

"Regret? The only thing I regret was not acting sooner. You smell so sweet, so ready for me." Kise remarked, "I've always liked you, Kurokocchi. After we're done here, I'll take you to my apartment. My parents are never home, so we'll have all the privacy we need. Wouldn't you like that, Kurokocchi? I've got lots of pillows and blankets, so you can build a nest. "

His hands gripped Kuroko's ass, squeezing the round, soft globes. The boy bucked at the sensation, placing his head onto Kise's shoulder.

"So soft. I could bury myself between your legs for days. Such a lovely Omega. So small and fragile. So beautiful. Want to keep you forever. You'll be mine to take every day, every night."

Kuroko bit his lip, trying to hold onto his last vestiges of reason. "Kise-kun, I...You'll regret this. We'll regret this. You need to let me go."

Kise pulled back, facing the teen.

Kuroko froze.

There was very little of Kise left in his expression anymore, his gold eyes nearly engulfed by blackness.

His Alpha canines had dropped, giving him the appearance of a hungry vampire. Kise smiled devilishly. "Mmm. Don't want to. Want more. Taste so good. So good."

Kuroko's eyes widened.

Ah oh. Kise was losing control. He began to panic. He smelled the sharp rise of heady Alpha musk, the woody odor sticking to the roof of his mouth and tongue. He was starting to feel drunk on the other's scent, nose buried into the blond hair of his companion. Kise's fingers tightened, sending a wave of uncontrolled desire through him.

"Kise-kun! Ah! Stop!"

"You heard him, you blond bastard! Let him go!" A voice from behind them, yelling.

Kuroko gasped, though whether it was from the newcomer or Kise's wandering hands, it was hard to say.

If Aomine had been frightening on the court, he was even more so up close.

In a flash, the blond was pulled off the Omega and thrown backwards. Kuroko heard the breaking of what he guessed was one of the porcelain sinks.

A growl reverberated in the restroom, a heavy vibrating penetrating Kuroko's chest with force. His stomach lurched, the heat within nearly unbearable. He felt the telltale heavy wetness again.

Like lightening Kise was on Aomine, hands shaped into claws. They rolled into the opposite end of the room, away from the door. The smell of both their ruts permeated his nostrils, making him nauseous.

Unlike many Omegas, Kuroko found he was not a fan of fighting Alphas in rut. Guilt suddenly ran down his spine. He had caused this. This was his fault.

Pulling up his pants, Kuroko ran out of the bathroom and into the hallway.

There was only one place he could think to hide.

### 3. Chapter 3

Disclaimer: I don't own Kuroko no Basuke or any of its characters. Here is the 3rd chapter. I hope you enjoy it. This is a GOM/Kuroko fanfic btw.

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><p><strong>Chapter 3 <strong>

The locker-room was empty; most players within Teiko's Basketball club were either at home or cram school.

Kuroko nearly collapsed against the lockers, legs numb and burning. His so-called Health class had said something about Omega heats being uncomfortable, but he didn't think it would be to this extent. His composure was completely shot, the well-established poker face he had cultivated in Basketball rapidly evaporating.

No one had followed him, or so he hoped. He pulled out his phone, ready to call his parents. As he searched through his contacts however, Kuroko realized that his parents were still abroad. He thought about contacting his grandmother, but she wasn't due back from visiting her village until the weekend. No one was home.

His finger paused over the short list of contacts, unsure of whom to call. His teammates were out of the question. While adult Alphas could control themselves to an extent, teen Alphas were particularly susceptible to their natures. Perhaps Momoi or Ogiwara could help, both Betas unaffected by his nature and trustworthy enough to keep him away from any Alphas. Just as he was about to make a decision, a voice called out to him.

"Kuroko, what are you still doing here?"

A cold chill swept down his spine. Another pang of heat pain struck.

Midorima adjusted his glasses; one eyebrow raised high, confusion prevalent on his face. Steam rolled off his shoulders, hair still wet from the showers.

The heat-driven part of Kuroko enjoyed the view, hungrily soaking up the image of the fit Alpha like a sponge.

Like all the starting members of his Basketball team, Midorima was an Alpha. He had only presented at the end of their second year, though with his height and stubborn personality it wasn't hard to guess what he would present as. He was probably the only one on their team that didn't tease him about his previously unrepresented status.

Bag draped across his large shoulders, it occurred to Kuroko that Midorima was leaving. His expression was a mixture between annoyed and something one might construe as concerned.

"You were absent from practice today. Akashi was concerned.", He said. "Don't tell me you were skipping with Aomine? You reek of him. And Kise. How unpleasant. Such unsightly Alphas. You really shouldn't hang out with them."

Kuroko struggled back onto his legs, using a nearby locker as support. He needed to leave. Any longer and his heat would become noticeable to the green-haired Alpha. "Thank you for your opinion, Midorima-kun. I will be sure to contact Akashi-kun when I return home. Now, please excuse me."

He was almost at the door when he felt a strong hand grab his wrist.

"Wait. Your face looks rather flushed. Do you have a fever? Are you sick?"

He pulled back his wrist only for the grip to tighten in response.

"I would appreciate you letting go of me please."

His nose caught the scent of the Alpha, a mixture of mint and fresh pine. He tried to keep up his normal blank expression, but it was difficult to stay in control.

"Please, Midorima-kun—I need to go home."

A finger lifted his chin to look up at the taller boy. Kuroko heard Midorima lightly scenting him. He watched the emotions flicker across the other's face: annoyance, surprise, and then interest. Midorima released the hold on his wrist, wrapping his arm around him instead.

Kuroko fell against the other, the tall boy's strong scent making him disorientated. His teammate ran a hand through Kuroko's hair, in what he supposed was an attempt to placate the boy. It worked. His shoulders relaxed, attention focused on the long lashes of the tall teen eyes.

"You are lucky you ran into me instead of the others," Midorima said, trying to discreetly glance at the door before returning his attention to him. "They would not be as gentle as I would."

Midorima positioned Kuroko against the wall, trapping him in with his arms. A blush appeared on Kuroko's cheeks while squirming under the other's intense gaze. The green-haired shooting guard lifted Kuroko's wrist upward, using his left hand to grasp both tenderly. His other hand trailed lower down his chest. Kuroko gasped weakly as Midorima's fingers stroked him over his clothes.

"The Aquarius are at the bottom of today's forecast, while Cancers are in first. Thanks to Oha Asas' horoscope, our compatibility is reported to be beneficial to one another. I'll make sure you are taken care of."

"And if they hadn't been compatible? Would you have left me alone?" He asked, panting between breaths.

Midorima paused, pushing his glasses back up the bridge of his nose. "Fate would not have brought us together if that was the outcome." He searched inside his pocket, pulling out a small container. "Man proposes, god disposes. Today's lucky item proves this interaction was meant to be, Kuroko."

"Is that lotion?"

"How perceptive of you," Midorima said dryly. "Omega heats are usually well-lubricated, but the first ones can be damaging if not done properly. I do not want to deal with any injuries. You would have to miss the upcoming game and that would be disadvantageous to the team."

"Such a caring sensitive person you are, Midorima-kun." Kuroko deadpanned, "One would almost think you cared about me."

The studious boy blushed more fiercely, gaze continuing to avoid

Kuroko. "Don't take this the wrong way. I just don't want to hurt you. It would simply be better if you were taken care of here instead of by one of those 'beasts.' They wouldn't care about your health."

"Midorima-kunâ€¦Iâ€¦"

"N-not that I'm worried or anything. About your health, that is. You're a virile Omega going through their first heat. It would be excruciatingly uncomfortable to go through your mating period without the proper tools, which I doubt you have. And you don't have to worry about any diseases. I am clean."

Suddenly, Midorima forcibly turned him, his face now against the wall. He felt a nose drift over his scent gland. Kuroko moaned softly.

"I can see why those two idiots would fight over you. You smell amazing."

A hand tugged at his zipper, pulling it down. Soon, he was divested of his pants.

"Hmm. Your sizing correlates with the average Omega p â€¦"

Kuroko bucked his head up, glaring from the comment. Midorima rubbed his bruised chin.

The comment was not appreciated.

The flush on Midorima's cheeks deepened and spread up to his ears. "Thisâ€¦this is a new experience for me. I've never been with someone before."

"I don'tâ€¦want to beâ€¦compared to anyone," Kuroko panted.

Midorima nodded, though whether he listened to Kuroko was up for debate. "D-Doctors suggestâ€¦stimulating the Omega before e-entering for optimal breeding."

A finger edged inside of him, the lotion-covered digit spurning him to squirm in ecstasy. The heat in his stomach was slightly eased. Another finger entered, larger than the last. This time, he moaned almost uncontrollably. Midorima enclosed his mouth upon his.

The fingers began to move further. He once again moaned into the other's mouth, feeling the sharp canines begin to extend with his tongue.

Something hard dug into his back.

A proverbial bucket of cold water hit him.

No. Kuroko wasn't ready for this. Even though his body was aching with want, the sane part of him was still terrified at the implications.

He hadn't even had a girlfriend, much less had sex with someone.

He tried to pulled away but found this only made the fingers inside

him go deeper. Kuroko sank his teeth into the Midorima's bottom lip. Uncharacteristically, the green haired boy growled at the action.

Midorima glared down at him. His pupils were enveloping the green. Like Kise and Aomine, he was beginning to lose himself. He flashed his fangs, a typical Alpha response to show dominance.

A belt fell to the floor. It wasn't Kuroko's. He felt the other's hot breath against his neck hairs. He stifled a moan. No, Kuroko argued inwardly. He would not lose himself to his heat, no matter how unbearable it was.

He heard the rustling of loosening pants. Taking this chance, he pushed back with his feet against the lockers. They both fell backwards, Midorima catching most of the impact. The taller boy wheezed, glasses fallen from his face.

"Kuroko, Waitâ€"!"

Kuroko rolled off quickly, picking his pants up as he ran.

#### 4. Chapter 4

Disclaimer: I do not own Kuroko No Basuke nor any of its characters.

Almost done with this fic. About two more chapters to go. Will be revising this along the way. Hope you enjoy. Comments are always appreciated.

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#### ><p><strong>Chapter 4 <strong>

His running slowed to a sluggish jog, his breathing harsh. He'd used a mop to block the locker-room's door on his way out. Kuroko felt a bit guilty at how he left his teammate. Midorima's frustrated yelling had echoed in his mind as he ran towards the 4th gym.

It was for the best though.

Kuroko wasn't some submissive little Omega ready to be handled by a strong Alpha.

He was above this 'heat'.

Nevertheless, it felt as if his own body was betraying him. His body was screaming for him to mate while his mind was frantically saying no.

It couldn't be more frustrating.

His teammates weren't an unappealing lot by any means, all physically powerful and good-looking, but the idea of mating terrified him. The close call with Midorima reminded him of that.

Jogging turned into walking. Opening up the entrance to the gym, he made his way to one of the benches.

The teen practically collapsed onto the wooden structure. His limbs burned with exhaustion. Skin too hot to the touch, his body in a constant state of pain and desire and a subconscious hunger for human contact; all were symptoms of this blasted mating instinct. He curled inward, wrapping his arms around his legs.

Just a few minutes, he thought, and then he would be on his way.

"Kuro-chin!"

It took less than a heartbeat for him to open his eyes, body alert and ready to run again. A dark shadow covered his vision.

He swallowed heavily.

"Kuro-chin, what are you doing here?" Murasakibara asked. "Aka-chin was angry earlier. You weren't answering his texts."

Kuroko edged away carefully from the giant, careful to breathe through his mouth.

"You're in trouble~", Murasakibara mocked. "Aka-chin's gonna punish you."

Kuroko pushed himself off the bench to stand. He wanted to keep a distance between them. The further he was from the purple teen meant the closer he was to freedom. "I will accept any punishment Akashi-kun decides to implement. Right now however, I need to go home. Goodbye, Murasakibara-kun."

The teen took a step towards the door. Murasakibara stepped forward to block.

"Mah, wait Kuro-chin. Don't you wanna try that sweet's shop with me on your way home. You promised~"

"I'm in a hurry." He said, continuing to edge towards the door. He was almost there, if he could just reach the damn door.

"But you promised you would take me, Kuro-chin."

"Another time." His hand finally grasping the doorknob.

Two large hands came down upon his shoulders. Murasakibara lowered himself to Kuroko's height, their faces within centimeters of each other. The other's scent was alluring, a mixture of hot chocolate and cinnamon.

"Did you think I didn't notice? Kuro-chin is stupider than I thought," He said in a singsong voice, gaze catching Kuroko's own. "You smell like my candies."

A tongue gently caressed his ear. Kuroko softly whimpered; his companion hummed in delight.

"I-I am not something you can eat, Murasakibara-kun. Please, restrain yourself."

The purple haired teen ignored him. "Hmm. You taste so delicious. Your skin is so sweet and warm. I want more."

Before Kuroko could even reply, Murasakibara had torn open his shirt, popping off several buttons in the process. A large tongue continued to explore Kuroko body, from his neck to his nipple, as if he were a delicious treat. The action sent shivers down Kuroko back. He let out soft moans with panting inbetween.

Kuroko wrapped his arms around Murasakibara's neck, using it to steady himself. The large teen brought him to the floor, turning him on his stomach and lifting his hips. His underwear was completely soaked with slick. Soon, those too disappeared.

Murasakibara's hands roamed the expanse of his back, lightly squeezing the plush fat that had accumulated in his lower body. Lost in another round of heat, he nearly bucked his hips when he felt a tongue graze his entrance.

"Tasty. You're so tasty, Kuro-chin. I just want to eat you all up."

The long tongue sank deeper inside. Kuroko let out a cry as it hit his sweet spot. He could feel his blood boiling within, driving any sort of sanity he had left into the corners of his mind.

Blood rushed to groin. He curled his toes at the building pressure within his body.

The wet organ twisted sideways; he pushed back, stomach brushing against the cold wooden floor.

"Muraâ€|sakiâ€|.baraâ€|-kun" He said between gasps for breath, struggling to form words. "Moreâ€|.Moreâ€|."

Kuroko felt himself being lifted again, this time turning him on his back. Hungry half-lidded eyes gazed up from below his navel.

The movements increased, sending him into a frenzy of frantic pants and sighs.

He gasped loudly, muffling the sound with his left forearm as his body finally relieved itself. A low vibrating purr tickled his stomach.

Large arms enveloped his lower body. "Kuro-chin is so soft and warm. Like a fluffy blanket. I want more of Kuro-chin. I need moreâ€|"

A door slammed open before Murasakibara could continue. Kuroko weakly turned his head towards the source of the noise.

"Well, well, well," Akashi said. "You've already started without me. That's rather naughty of you, Atsushi. Wasn't it I who told you where Tetsuya was hiding?"

His heterochromic eyes bore down on the two, capturing them with their intensity. "And Tetsuya, you never answered my texts. Once you've finished your little heat, you're doing twice the amount of training, understand?"

Akashi's hand rested on Murasakibara's shoulder, the grip tight and judging from the wince the purple boy displayed, painful. "I think it's my turn with Tetsuya, don't you think?"

"But I'm not finished~" The giant whined, frown evident.

Something flashed behind the red head's glare. Whatever it was, Murasakibara had quickly moved to the other side of Kuroko, body curled protectively behind the smaller boy's head and shoulders. "Kuro-chin's mine. Aka-chin should go find his own Omega."

Murasakibara's words caused an unnerving silence. The captain leaned over the two sitting figures.

While Murasakibara was the more physically intimidating of the two, it was Akashi who truly held the power.

Immediately, a sharp odor hit Kuroko, a mixture of charcoal and burning wood that clogged his senses. Nausea struck the short teen, another round of slick exiting him. The heat returned, this round twice as bad as the first.

The sound of a harsh, unforgiving slap resonated throughout the gym.

"You're lucky I'm in a good mood today, Atsushi," Akashi remarked, positioning himself between Kuroko's legs. "I'll let you watch if you hold onto Tetsuya's arms."

Murasakibara shook his head, his only response to the Alpha captain. He knew who was in charge here.

The grip on Kuroko's arms tightened, rendering him immobile. There would be no escape this time.

Akashi touched Kuroko's face with one hand, mouth resting near his ear.

"You are a tough person to track, my dear Tetsuya. I was pleasantly surprised to find that escaped from not 1, but 3 Alphas. One might think it was luck! Truly, it was an impressive feat, especially in the midst of heat."

"Akashi-kun, Iâm" "

"But you won't escape from me. I'm not like the others. My power is absolute. I knew you would be an Omega the moment I met you. I even predicted when you would present, down to the week. I know everything about your body, Tetsuya."

He slowly brushed his fingers down from Kuroko's neck to his navel. The smaller teen squirmed, gasping for breath at the light contact.

"And what changes its made! You look quite nice from behind now. Almost erotic. You'd be surprised how many times I've had to punish the others for not focusing during the games. Ryouta has been the worst, but that's no surprise. That dog's been following your ass since he first sniffed it."

Teeth scrapped across his scent gland, a flick of a tongue ran along the soft surface.

"Don't look so alarmed. I'm a gentleman at heart. I would never try to mark an Omega during their first heat. That would be in bad form."

Two fingers entered him without preparation.

"No, I'll let you go for a little longer," Akashi said, smiling into his neck. "I've always enjoyed long games after all."

A third finger was added.

"Akashi is very talkative today," Kuroko said softly. The redhead smiled.

"I suppose it's the hormones. You really do smell wonderful. Even I'm starting to lose control, and I took a rut suppressant. Truly though, you look exquisite like this, all flushed and moaning for my cock. But I can't hog you for all your heat however. Your teammates would get jealous and we can't have that. It's hard enough to keep them in line as it is."

Four fingers. Tears began to flow down his cheeks, both pain and pleasure equally abundant.

"Tetsuya, relax. Atsushi, why don't you give him a kiss? I'm sure he'd enjoy that."

"Yes, Aka-chin."

Soft lips enveloped his own. The taste was a mix of chocolate and Kuroko's own unique flavor. His shoulders relaxed underneath the tall boy's slow ministrations, his body slowly becoming accustomed to the fingers inside.

"Did you know an Omega could mate with more than one Alpha? It's not common knowledge, since society tends towards the Alpha narrative. An Omega with more than one Alpha is practically unheard of within Eastern culture. It ruins that image of the pure, innocent Omega."

The fingers disappeared. Murasakibara moved out of his range of vision. He could only see Akashi now.

"But we both know you're not innocent, Tetsuya."

Kuroko felt a protrusion at his entrance, the other's pre-cum mixing with his own slick.

"We all have our demons. I know your jealousy of Ryouta's superior talents, your despair at the thought of losing your light. I know everyone's deep-seated fears and insecurities."

A hand gently cupped his tear stricken cheek. He leaned towards the hand instinctively.

"These things bind us all together. Through blood, sweat and tears,

we all belong to each other. Even this will help our team become a more cohesive unit."

Akashi sat up, staring down at Kuroko, like a wild cat with his prey within reach. His mouth stretched into a dark grin, his canines white and razor-sharp.

"You can never escape our love, Tetsuya. You are ours."

A mouth captured his own, silencing the sounds he made as Akashi thrust into him. Unlike Murasakibara, whose kiss was slow and rhythmical, Akashi's was like a fire, consuming, controlling, guiding Kuroko however he pleased.

He responded with the same fervor; his mind already conquered by the fever licking every inch of his skin. All the fear he had before disappeared as the pleasure started to overtake the last part of his sanity.

The two bodies moved in sync, Murasakibara keeping them in place with his weight. Later, after his heat, he would recall their faces, the bare-naked hunger on their features, which were as terrifying as they were arousing.

Akashi picked up his legs, bending and placing them up over his shoulders. Kuroko let out another short cry when the Alpha brushed up against his prostate, triggering him to release.

Excruciating heat replaced itself with a drugged-like bliss; Kuroko's body turned to jelly. He let out a small sigh. His muscles were numb, exhausted from the experience.

He watched as Akashi continued along, now moving at a much quicker pace. His attention stayed on the other's expressions; the desperate build up, the shock of release, and his features relaxing afterwards all played across Akashi's face. While not as expressive as Kise or Aomine, was certainly easy to read from Kuroko's perspective.

Tied together, the redhead laid on top of the blue-haired one, tongue licking the sweat off his temple.

"Wah, it's my turn Aka-chin. Let me try now." Murasakibara moaned in longing.

"I think that's enough for today, don't you think Tetsuya?" He asked, not really expecting an answer. "You can play with him tomorrow. I'll text everyone the directions to my place. He will be safe there."

The taller boy pouted, but nodded in understanding.

Kuroko blinked slowly, the exhaustion catching up with him. He didn't register the other unknotted from him or being carried out of the gymnasium to a discreet black car.

He drifted off before his head hit the car seat, the day's activities finally coming to an end.

End

file.